

Meriden News

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A GRANITE STATE WEEKLY-FREE LANCE

INFLUENCED BY NONE

Volume 42, No. 46

Meredith, on Lake Winnepesaukee, October 4, 1922

Single Copy, 4 cents

THE NEWS

Meredith and Sandwich Editions

W. T. & CHARLOTTE LANCE
Publishers

I AM THE PRINTER

I am an artist, an artisan, and a pillar of the world's civilization. I make possible the progress, education, and advancement of the human race. Through my faithful hands must pass the message of the philosopher, the dream of the poet, the music of the master, the laws of the forum, and the history of the world. I record the doings of mankind from the sunrise of time to the dawn of eternity. I am the master of the world's greatest craft. I am the architect of the printed page; I AM THE PRINTER.—W. H. Cousins.

We hope the ex-service men, who may at present be bitter because of the President's veto of the bonus bill, will find calmity of the situation and give the consideration to a few facts which may have been lost sight of up to date. To begin with, they should realize that there is nobody who could have any reason for antagonizing them. Very few in this entire broad land fail to feel the deepest gratitude for what these men did for their country and the world. President Harding, in his veto, exhibited an unusual courage, and he could have been actuated by but one motive. He thought



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Dinner Sets.

NINETY-FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION

Of the Merrimack Association Was
Held in Meredith Last Thursday

First Congregational Church Crowded to the Doors at Afternoon Meeting
Strong Messages Brought by Extraordinary Personalities Made a Deep Impression

Meredith had a rare opportunity along religious lines last Thursday when the annual session of the Merrimack Association of Congregational churches was held at the North Church. The messages came primarily in the form of experiences passed through by the speakers as each of them in the past addressed themselves to the



REV. OSCAR L. PETERSON
Newly Elected Moderator

serious problems which have confronted them in the past and the address, powerful with hardly an exception, left a deep imprint upon the minds of thoughtful people who had the privilege of listening to them.

The meeting of the Convention was said to be the best attended in many years in spite of threatening weather. Twenty churches were represented by about a hundred pastors, delegates and visitors.

The program was arranged in cooperation with the Commission on Missions and brought to Meredith personalities of extraordinary preparation.

(Continued on Fourth Page)

Frank R. Prescott has laid the "keels" for two new tenements on his lots on Wankewau street, and the cellars are being excavated. It is said the houses are already rented. If Meredith had ten men as progressive as Frank Prescott, this would be SOME town. His is the way of the Western men, and his exploits read like some story book. When he came here and purchased the "swamp" land lying between the railroad station and Lake Wankewau, the knowing ones shook their heads. What in the world could a man do with such land as that, they said. It was the home of mosquitoes and frogs, a dismal wet stretch of bog. But he drained it, erected building after building, and now owns acres of some of the best real estate in Meredith, has mill buildings and tenements, all accomplished within the hazy years of an average boy. The News takes off its hat to a man of this calibre. He is of the stuff that has made the United States the most progressive country in the world.

Thomas C. Hill Made Judge of Probate
Concord, Sept. 28.—At a meeting of the governor and council, the appointment of Thomas C. Hill of Laconia as Judge of Probate for Belknap County was approved.

GLANCING OVER MEREDITH'S PAST

E. H. Malton, the Village Blacksmith, Delves Into Local History

Friend Lance:

I hear that some of the readers of the News can stand another installment of history from me so here goes. In this letter we will begin with the Dr. George Sanborn house on the corner of Main and Water streets. When I first knew this place the Nelson family lived there and I think Dr. Sanborn came next. Here he passed a long, useful life, ministering to the sick in and around Meredith. He was one of the solid men of the town and was looked up to as an honest, practical man and an able doctor. His son, George F., is now Postmaster, while his grandson, Roy, has charge of the drug store on the corner.

We will next take up what is known as the bank building, on the corner of Highland and Main streets. When I first knew this place it was a grocery shop run by a man named Robinson. I do not remember just what he did, but I used to be there a good deal as he had two boys whom I liked. Horace Garland had it as a restaurant, also John Smith, but it is as a grocery store. It has finally come to be used for the Meredith Postoffice and is presided over by George F. Sanborn, gives us an exceedingly neat office, while the two young lady clerks give us so good service as can be had.

The room over the Postoffice was the office of Judge Rollins in the latter part of his life. Going to the Highland street entrance we have the Meredith Village Savings Bank, founded by Seneca Ladd. Mr. Ladd conducted it for many years and the bank became wealthy and solid. In writing of Mr. Ladd it brings back the fact that he was once a poor man, working hard to care of his family. Later he was the agent of the of the Corporation. It was here that I was brought in contact with him, as I did some of the company's repairing. I found him a pleasant man to do business with. In all the years that I did this work he never gave me a call down. Once when we began to work together one Saturday and worked until Monday morning. The bill for this labor was \$10.00. I thought it was a little something, so when I laid it before him and began to explain, he said, "I know you have nothing down but what is right in your eye as an honest man." Of course this made me feel well, but I was surprised to find a hard man to do business with as his deafness was a great handicap to him. But he and I always got on well together and I honor his memory.

Over the bank used to be Deacon Daniel Norr, a fine old man. Here he carried on the undertaking business with side lines. He had a good mechanical education and could make his hands do what his brain dictated. Going up Highland street we next come to the home of Mr. Ladd when he was on earth. This is a fine old house and is now the home of his daughter Virginia.

Next is the North Church. This I will pass by as I know but little of its history.

The John W. Beede house comes next. In the old days this was the Deacon Furber place, with a one story house, which was moved off down on to the Center Harbor road. Mr. Beede built a fine house here and he and his family lived here several years. Mr. Beede died and the property passed into J. Fred Beede's hands and is now occupied by him and his family.

Next is The Maples, a real old house and occupied by Abner Clough and his family, and is conducted as a boarding house. When I first knew it John Dearborn and family lived there and my people took milk there and I as a small boy had to get it each morning. Later the house was the home of John Ford for many years and I think that he died there. I believe Mr. Clough was born here in Meredith; if so he must be very near being the oldest native of the town as he is now 80 years, and is seen on our streets almost every day in the year.

Crossing the street from The Maples we have the parsonage of the North church. The old building that was originally on this lot was moved to the upper end of Water street and used as a home by Himes Jones and

Continued on the last page

CENTER SANDWICH HAPPENINGS.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Banks of Quincy, Mass., were visitors at the home of Mrs. Mrs. Henry Manning last week.

Beginning with our next issue, Oct. 13, the News will be enlarged from a six-column eight page paper to a seven column size, an addition of eight columns of matter. We have looked forward to this step for several months and in spite of the fact that we have just received notice to the effect that beginning with this issue the price of newspaper stock advanced about ten per cent, we must have room for reading and advertising matter from now on. Look the paper over and try to think of any weekly you know of in New Hampshire published in a town of this size that can compare with it in the amount of reading matter, tone and general appearance from a typographical standpoint. We now cover every town between Holderness and Whiteface, having correspondents in every place. In addition to our local matter, every week readers will find an installment of a forceful serial story, two columns of State news, two or more columns of New England news, three columns of World Review, poultry department, fashions, American Legion news and general articles. All for \$1.50 per year.

Miss Louise Carter was home over the week end from Meredith High. Some of the state employees are in town at work, to eliminate the White Pine blight.

Leander Pettigill is engaged as chef at the Bald Peak Country Club House, in Melvin.

Mrs. Ed Moulton, who has been in the Laconia Hospital, is expected home Monday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burrows and son Walter followed to Fryburg, Me., to attend the Fair last week.

Glen Smith and Albert Hoag motored home from New Hampshire State College for over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Nichols of Winthrop, Mass., are enjoying a few weeks at their summer home.

Mrs. T. H. Stacy, who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. W. S. Jackson of Concord, returned to Sandwich Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Merryfield and family, of Connecticut, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Merryfield.

Mrs. Kimball of Lynn, Mass., has been a guest of Mrs. Caroline M. Foster, returning to Massachusetts Monday accompanied by Mrs. Foster and Miss Willoughby who have enjoyed the summer months at the Marston Homestead.

(Continued on Fourth Page)

SANDWICH
Town and Grange
FAIR
October 12, Columbus Day
1922
UNUSUAL Attractions

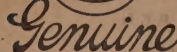
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"OR I'LL SHOOT."

"You'll forgive it, I believe that I'm gentlemen,"

"So do I—or I wouldn't have danced with you," she pleaded—

"Tardon me." She had laid a hand on his arm for just a moment, then she had stepped back. Now she was approaching young Rodolphe, who was standing in the swirling in the background. That person was an angry remnant at her as she approached him. He followed, his streaming sentences. Reichardt knew the reason. Jealousy! Complex, repressed, but not in the least directed against him, but he did not move. He was waiting—waiting for the outcome of the dance. In a moment it came. Anna Reichardt turned swiftly, her dark eyes ablaze, her pretty lips parted in a smile. She was dancing about her, sighted Reichardt, and they started toward him, their heads advanced to meet her.

"I have just heard your brief announcement," she said, "and I will not dance the next one with you?"

"And the next after that?"

"And the next after that?"

But Reichardt did not appear to hear.

The third dance and a fourth, while in the intervals Father's eyes sought out the sulky, sullen form of Maurice Rodolphe, hatred against the wall, and the blackness of hate discoloring his face. It was as so much wine to Father, and he drank it up. He had never in the first time in his life. And as the music started again, he once more moved toward the door, his eyes only, however, to halt and whirl and stare in surprise. There had come a shout from the doorway, booming,

"And up, everybody! And quick about it!"

He laughed and jebbed his hands into his air. Another, quickly sensing a staged surprise, followed the

Roll, excited, shouting. It was Maurice Roland screaming. "I got a good look at him—just a flash. He was a blond and a blond headed him off. He took off his mask outside—and I saw him."

"You're sure?" "A hundred yeses," shouted the question at once.

"Yes." Then Maurice Roland nodded and pointed toward Robert Fairchild. "The light was on him. I got a straight look at him. He was that fellow's partner—a Cornishman they call."

"I don't believe it," Anita Richmond exclaimed with conviction and clutched Robert Fairchild's arm. "You don't believe it?"

"I can't," Robert answered. Then he looked at Anita. "You're sure it could be possible for Harry to be here robbing a dance hall when he's working the mine?"

"I'm sure," Anita said. "This time it was the sheriff. 'What's the necessity for a day and night shift?'"

"I'm agreed upon it yesterday afternoon."

"At whose suggestion?"

"I don't know. But I don't think it's mine."

"Young fellow," the sheriff had approached him now, "you'd better be sure. I don't think you know what that might be a pretty good excuse to give when a man can't produce an alibi. I don't think you know what a pretty complete. Then he turned to the crowd. "I want a couple of good fellows to go with me."

"I have a right to go," Fairchild had stepped forward.

"No," said the sheriff. "You, deputy. Who wants to volunteer?"

Half a dozen men came forward, and from then the sheriff chose two, and then three, and then four. Anita. In vain. Already Maurice Roland had escorted her, apparently

"You ought to be able to find that out yourself," said the sheriff, looking at the man who had been so sure of his own knowledge.

"If I answer, the sheriff turned and shouted a question down the mountain side. And back came the answer: 'No!'

"Doc Mason's. Must have been stolen. Doc was at the dance."

"That does that settles it," the officer reached for his hip pocket. "Put out your hands, Harry, while I put the handcuffs on you."

"But to live in bloody hell 'ave I been doing anything when I've been up working on the chiv when?—Oh—?—I've been out here all night long, and tonight and robbed us," Fairchild cut in. Harry's face lost its surprised expression and he turned to a glance of keen questioning.

"And do you say it?"

"No, I am certainly not. The identification of the man that honorable person known as Mr. Maurice H. Rodland."

"Oh! One then identifying the other—"

"Sheriff!" Again the voice from below.

"Yah!"

"We've found a cache down here."

"Must have been made in a hurry—two men, I judge. One of them a cowboy, a couple of new handkerchiefs and the money."

"Harry's eyes grew wide. Then he shook out his hands.

"The evidence certainly is piling up on your ground," he might as well have my share of it, he thought, a cowboy's share.

"That's a good idea." The sheriff snapped the handcuffs into place. "You'll be coming along with me, and they started toward the machine.

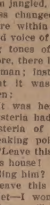
Back in Olati more news awaited the sheriff. A man, a cowboy, a highwayman, had gone to no expense for his outfit. The combined general and individual endeavor of the men of Gregg County had been the solution of the articles necessary for a disguise.

He sent the answerer her, something that Fairchild could not understand. He left the old board sidewalk and crept to the porch that he might hear the better. Then every nerve within him jangled, and the black of the darkness changed to red. The Rodaines were within; he had heard first the hoarse voice of the father, then the rising tones of the son, in upbraiding. Now, there had come the sobbing of a woman; instinctively Fairchild knew that it was Anita Richmond. And then:

It was her voice, high, screaming. Hysteria had come—the wild, racking hysteria of a person driven to the breaking point.

"Leave this house—hear me! Leave this house! Can't you see that you're killing him? Don't you dare touch me—leave this house! No—I won't be quiet—I won't—your's killing him. I tell you—"

And Fairchild waited for nothing more. A lunge, and he was on the



Judge from reports from Druggists, who constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. It is the mild and harmless influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the only medicine that has effected its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of our leading Justice Courts, after an interview on the subject, made the following interesting statement: "I have seen so many applicants for insurance are rejected because kidney trouble is a disqualification, and I have seen that a large majority of those whose applications are rejected are afflicted with kidney trouble. I have the disease. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of \$1.00 and \$2.00. I have used it myself. However, if you wish first to test the efficacy of this medicine, I will send you a sample bottle. N. Y. for Dr. Kilmer & Co., Rindgeplace, N. Y. for sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper—Advertisement."

Descendant of Mary's Lamb.

Col. Thomas Fowell G. Columbus, veteran of the Civil war and an brother of the famous Gen. Eugene A. Fowell, the grand avuncle of "Lawmower", the only living descendant of Mary's little Lamb. The original Mary was a sister of the famous Gen. Fowell, who was eight years old at the time celebrated by the poem in 1814. The immortal version by the way, was written by John R. Young, from an Argonaut.

Placure's Penalty.

It is fine to reside in the bright sun shine on the sands, oh brothers and sisters, but if you are not careful, the house puke that all sinners take in blisters.—Boston Transcript.

Children must be an improvement on their parents if the world is getting better.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

her. Fairchild hurried to join the sheriff and his two deputies, just starting out of the dance hall. Five minutes later they were in a motor car, chugging up Kentucky gulch.

Slowly, the motor car, fighting against the grade, the trip was accomplished. Then, the four men leaped from the machine at the last rye before the tunnel was reached and three of them went forward atop toward the slight gleam of light came from the mouth of the Blue Porey.

The sheriff took the lead, at first to road top behind a boulder and to shout a command:

"Hey you, in there."

"Eys yourself!" it was Harry roared.

"Come out—and be quick about it. Hold your light in front of your face with both hands."

"The 'ell I will! And 'oo's talking?"

"Sheriff Adams of Clear Creek county. You've got one minute to come out—or I'll shoot."

"I'm coming on the run!"

And almost instantly the form of Harry, his acetylene lamp lighting up his bulbous, surprised countenance with its sprylike mustache, appeared in the mouth of the tunnel.

"What the bloody 'ell?" he gasped, as he looked into the muzzle of the revolver. From down the mountain came the shout of one of the deputies:

"Sheriff! Looks like it's him, all right. I've found a horse down here, all it's wanted up from running."

"That's about the answer," Sheriff Adams went forward and with a

Illustration of a man (Harry) looking out from a tunnel, with a signature 'Wife' below.

"They Were Threatening Me—and Father!"

Veranda. One more spring and he had reached the edge of the veranda—unlocked, to throw it wide and to leap into the hall. Great steps, and he had reached the second door.

Dialy, as through a red screen, Fairchild saw the frightened face of Anita Raymond, and on the landing, from behind his angrily, stood the two Keadines. For a moment, Fairchild disregarded them and turned to the sobbing, distressed little being in the doorway.

"What's happened?"

"The men are threatening me—and father," she moaned. "But you wouldn't have come in—you shouldn't have."

"I heard you scream. I couldn't help it. I heard you say they were killing our father—"

The girl looked anxiously toward an open room, where Fairchild could see faintly the still figure of a man outlined under the covers of an old-fashioned bed.

"They—they got him excited. He and another stroke. I—I couldn't stand it any longer."

"Fairchild curly to the Koadines, with a suggestive motion toward the stairs. They hesitated a moment and Maurice stepped forward, thrusting himself at obert, but his father laid a restraining hand on his arm. A step and the three were banished.

"I'm only going because of your mother," said he gruffly, with a glance toward Anita. "I'm not going because of your father."

"Oh, I know. Mr. Fairchild would have done it, in here. He wouldn't have come in. I'm sorry—tears go."

Down the steps they went, the old-man with his hand still on his son's shoulder, the white-faced, frail, fair-haired Anita, who had suddenly sped into him into the sick-room, thus was rarely returned.

"Help me!" he asked at last, "My name her rather cold answer, try to be followed by a quick whisper, "You must hurry, my dear, or the name became louder—so that they did hear at the bottom of the stairs. The little girl came in promptly by policy and not creating any sort of a disturbance."

"But—"

"Please go," came the direct answer, and please do not vent your spite on me, Redaine and his son. I'm sure you will find little game in it. I will. You shouldn't have rushed here."

I heard you screaming, Miss Richmond."

"I know," came her answer, as lightly ever. Then the door downstairs opened, and the two Keadines came on the veranda. She leaned close to him, had to say that," came her whisperful voice, "Please don't try to understand anything I do in the future. And so—please."

Fairchild obeyed.

"Your partner's in jail. Guilty or not guilty?"



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Children, owing to their almost ceaseless activity, frequently require as large an amount of nourishment as adults, and good cocoa is a valuable aid in the carefully arranged diet. But its quality must be good and no cocoa can quite so well meet the requirements of dietitians, physicians, nurses or housekeepers as "BAKER'S."

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Write Now For
32-Page Illustrated
Booklet



The Loom Manufacturing Company
(Hopedale, Weyfield Co.)
Menominee, Michigan (17)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Moultonboro

Maurice J. Randall and bride visited Geo. Randall Tuesday, returning to Portland, Me., Wednesday morning.

The community was saddened by the news of the death of Rev. E. W. Johnson of Palmer, Mass., former minister of the M. E. Church of this town. Mr. Johnson leaves a wife and son.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Moulton and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carter made a trip through Divville Notch into Canada, stopping over night at Colebrook.

Clyde Fox has returned to Brewster after being at home for two weeks owing to an injury to his knee.

Elizabeth Zuber of Lawrence, Mass., is spending several weeks with her friend, Edna Hewitt.

Miss Evans and family, and Ray Leavitt and family of No. Rochester, spent several days last week in Maine visiting Mr. Evans' sister.

Chas. Smith, a resident of this town, died at the State Hospital Friday, September 29th. His body was brought here for burial Sunday, October 1. He leaves a widow and five children.

Mrs. Mary C. Bryant, widow of the late Leader Bryant, died at the home of Mrs. John F. Green, at the Falls. She has always been a resident of this town, except a few weeks in the summer which she spent in Tamworth with her niece, Lizzie Bryant. Funeral was from the home Monday afternoon. Burial in Riverside Cemetery, Tamworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladys Loving Hale have been spending several weeks with her father, Wilbur Emery, near the falls.

Moultonboro Town and Grange Fair, Friday, October 13. Come early and stay late. Bring the whole family. Something doing every minute.

Carroll County Pomona Grange will meet with Eagle Grange at North Chatham, October 10. Close sessions 10.30 a. m. Public, 2.30 p. m.

Mrs. John F. Fresse has bought "The Brookside" at the Weirs, and will go there in a few days.

Albert McCormick has moved his family to Moultonboro Neck.

Moultonboro Fair

The program has been announced for the Moultonboro Fair, which occurs on the 13th, the day following the Sandwich Fair, and here is what is in store for all who walk, motor or go to Moultonboro in any new or old way:

10 o'clock. Parade of decorated floats, carriages, stock, and many special features. Form at Town Hall, headed by band and company of saddle horses.

11 o'clock. Inspection and judging of fancy work, fruit, vegetables, stock, etc.

12 o'clock. Lunch will be on sale at Grange Hall.

1 o'clock. Band Concert.

2 o'clock. Speeches in front of Grange Hall, by John H. Foster, State Forester; John Seamon and County Agent Lockwood.

3 o'clock. Pulling contest in school house yard.

There will be suitable CASH prizes awarded in all departments. Ages 25 cents admits to all exhibits.

West Center Harbor

Mr. T. H. Vradenburg from Medford Hillside, Mass., is at his camp "The Oaks," for a few days.

Week end guests at Camp Wadsworth were Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Woodman and son from Rindale, Mass., and Miss Gertrude Hawkins from Fitchburg, Mass.

It was a gala day on Lake Winona Sunday, October 1, when about one hundred and fifty Andros Islanders and their wives gathered for their new club house, The Anchorage, to in the new building. It was the dedication of the building, for that is to come later. There were speeches by the officers of the club, and selections by the Laconia Masonic Band, who very kindly gave their services for the afternoon. Photographers from Boston and Lowell were on the grounds and took pictures of the house and those present gathered in a group on the large piazza. There were representatives of the order from Lowell, Boston, Fitchburg, and other places and all were highly pleased with the new building and surroundings, and anticipated spending very many enjoyable seasons there. When they departed from the Winona station at 4.45 p. m., they gave three hearty cheers for J. W. Smith, the general station agent, who is responsible for them to have the club house by donating the land on which the building stands.

Squam Neck

Arthur Mayo and family are at their cottage here.

Members of the Quincy family were here for a short stay last week.

A party of members and their friends spent a few days at Camp Squag, the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Boynton and Miss Thura Brown were Point Peace guests last week.

S. F. Teale and Mr. Hayward of W. Somerville, Mass., have been at Tealehurst the past week.

Mrs. Fred Pulsifer and daughter attended the State Convention at the North Church, Meredith, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hutchins and Alpheus Hutchins and family motored to Concord Friday to visit relatives and friends.

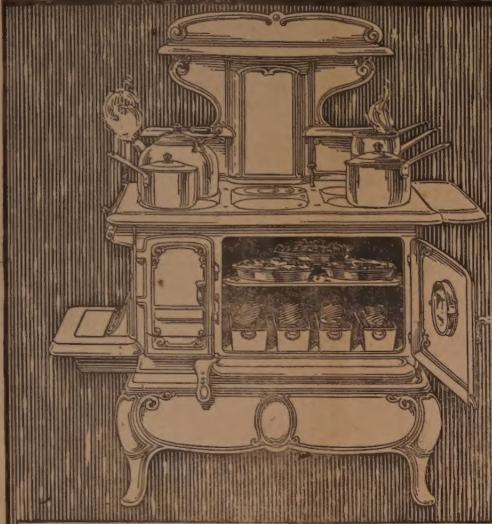
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hutchins and daughters of York Beach, Me., have been entertaining Mrs. Cora Gibson and daughter Jessie of York Beach, and Mrs. Harry Cross and Ralph Merriam and family of Laconia, at Coosauque the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Sturtevant and grandson and Miss Thura Brown were called at Point Peace Sunday. Other guests there were George McCrillis, Miss Adda Reed, Mr. and Mrs. Harry McCrillis, S. F. Teale and Mr. Hayward.

All Depend

No place is so fine as it seems when you are homesick for it, and no place so bad as it seems when you are homesick for it—Farm Life.

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Life is too short to waste your time over an old stove that you can't depend on and that has to be coaxed to do its work.

Isn't it about time you traded your old range for an efficient Modern Glenwood? Ask us for particulars.

Glenwood Ranges "Make Cooking Easy."

M. E. Sharon, Meredith

Where Extra Service is Demanded Firestone Cords Predominate

WHEREVER the exacting and tests of tires are most severe—there you will find Firestone Cords in universal use.

The hard jobs seek Firestone. And so well has Firestone responded under difficult conditions—so consistently has mileage mounted to totals impossible to obtain from ordinary tires that today Most Miles per Dollar is the buying slogan of thinking motorists everywhere.

The blending and tempering of rubber, gum-dipped cord construction, air-bag cure—all these mileage methods have

been developed by men whose life work is the production of constantly increasing tire values for the public.

Users in this vicinity verify Firestone reputation, and report almost daily some new Firestone record of extra distance travelled.

Don't be satisfied to buy tires—buy values—the longest mileage at the lowest price consistent with such reliable performance.

Make Most Miles per Dollar your principle of tire economy—choose your next tire on that basis.



MOST MILES per DOLLAR

Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords

CASS & WILLIAMS, MEREDITH, N. H.
SMITH'S GARAGE, CENTER HARBOR, N. H.
KNOWLTON'S GARAGE, TOWNWORTH, N. H.
H. A. RICHARDSON, MOULTONBORO, N. H.
THOMPSON'S REPAIR SHOP, CENTER SANDWICH, N. H.

MEREDITH'S PAST

(Continued From First Page)

his family. His widow and son Chas. now occupy it. When I first knew the place Samuel Bean lived there. With him Sammie Ellis and Sadie Noyes. I expect their mother was a daughter of Bean's. They are dead. I think that Elder Burnham lived there awhile. He was the pastor of the Congregational Church for years. The house has been used as a parsonage for a long time.

Coming down the street, we have the old home of Captain Joe Lang, for years one of Meredith's ideal men, liked by everybody and honored and loved by the boys. He raised and commanded a company in the 12th N. H. Regiment in the Civil War. This house, one of the finest and best built in the village has passed through various hands, and is now the property of Mr. and Mrs. Dearborn Cavery.

The next house is owned by a new owner. In the old times Joe Drew lived there.

Next in order is the Judge Rollins house. I do not know as he was a native of Meredith, but I can remember him as long ago as I can remember anyone. Jay Ward now lives there with his family. He is a native of Meredith.

Next is the old Crockett house, so called. This was an old leased house fifty years ago, as Joe Prescott and family lived there and I was a great chum with the youngest son, Frank (nicknamed Tinkum). If the history of this house could be written up it would be interesting.

Next there used to be a small shed roof building situated on the back wall below the Crockett house. This was in the old days a harness shop for John Dearborn.

Here I spent considerable time as a small boy, stringing buckles on a leather strap. One afternoon I was there and we heard an outcry. Running to the door we saw a man in the clutches of Frank Woodman. Woodman was a large, husky school teacher. The old man had said something that Woodman resented and he was trying to make the old man apologize by whaling him with one of those braided riding whips.

He was whaling him unmercifully and once in a while he would stop and ask him for an apology. The old man would say, "No, d-m you, never!" Then Woodman would go at it again.

This went on for some time when Mr. Prescott persuaded Woodman to let the old man go. This he did and the old fellow was not long getting to Rollins' office, where he soon had Woodman, whom the Judge fined \$100. This he paid and later it was made up to him by men who had enjoyed the sight. We will tell the name of the man who got the licking, but its safe to say that most of the men in town were glad that he got it.

Next we come to the block now occupied by Nathan Morrison as a business place, while the other side is rented as a fruit store. In my day B. Plaisted had one side as a grocery store and town agency, while the other side was a boot and shoe store, kept by Charles and James Prescott, with leased rooms in the second story, while the third story was the home of the Good Templars.

Next is the old hotel, run by Dan Bedes, a man who thought much of himself. The old building was burned down, but I remember it as a square two story house with an ell. The main house was two rooms and entry wide and on the first floor had a parlor, entry, and bathroom on the front, while across these rooms at the rear was the dining room. Back of this was the kitchen and still further back was the barn and shed. Over this was a dance hall where I learned to dance. A man by the name of Gilman was our teacher. He was a terribly long legged man and when he danced he would lean his head out the time with one of these long legs crossed over the other. His picture is printed on my mind in this position. Put him back thus and show him to me and I could call his name at once. Here Charles Sanborn and Hannah Robinson used to dance. They weighed together about 600 lb. It was a wonder to me how they could move so easily and gracefully over the floor.

Back still further in this yard was the stage yard and barn. In those days we had a stage going and coming from Conway each day. These stages had six horses hitched to a Concord coach and John Ford, the owner with Charles Sanborn, Henry Sturtevant and Peter Hines were drivers. Uncle Joe Avery and Emory Dow took care of the incoming teams. I cannot close this story without special mention of Peter Hines. He was one of the very best drivers of a six horse team that ever took the stage in hand. He never lost his head. If his horses

were buried in snow he knew just how to get them out unhurt; if it was hot and he had a heavy load he knew how to make time without killing his horses. He was full of stories and every man who knew him wanted to ride on his seat. When I was very small there was but one road to Center Harbor, and that went over Cass Hill, which is a long, nasty hill. Peter came to the top of this hill with his horses and a loaded coach and his brakes would not hold. Here was where Peter had to think quickly. He drove the Congregational Church for years. The house has been used as a parsonage for a long time.

Uncle Joe Avery was a large, powerful man and he had some trouble with Frank Hoyt, a nasty fellow from further part of the town. In these times Town Meeting days were bad days for Meredith. There was plenty and men would fight and Hoyt took this time to settle his troubles with Uncle Joe. He went to the hotel quite drunk and found Uncle Joe coughing his hair with his back toward him. He stepped up to paste him one and when he came within reach Uncle Joe caught his hair with his back toward him. He stepped up to paste him one and when he came within reach Uncle Joe caught his hair with his back toward him. He stepped up to paste him one and when he came within reach Uncle Joe caught his hair with his back toward him.

This letter will have to do for this time. In my next letter we will begin after the fire that burned the old hotel and go on up Plymouth street a little ways.

Very Different

"Have you broken off your engagement?" "Yes, the girl was very different. She was a bookmaker, but I found out that he was only an author."—Copenhagen Kiels Hans.

Poets and Physicians

Poets in all ages have sung of the plowman. And there is much poetry in plowing, if the poet can sit under a tree at a mid-day distance from the plowman to make the latter's language to the muse inaudible.—Houston Post.

Catarh Cannot Be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. CATARRH is a local disease, greatly increased by constitutional conditions, and to cure it you must take an internal remedy. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts on the blood on the mucous surface of the system. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is prescribed by one of the best physicians in the country for years. It is composed of some of the best medicines known, combined with some of the best blood purifiers. The perfect combination of the ingredients produces such wonderful results in catarrhal conditions. Send for F. J. CHENEY, M. D., Proprietor, Toledo, O. HALL'S Family Pills for constipation.

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